

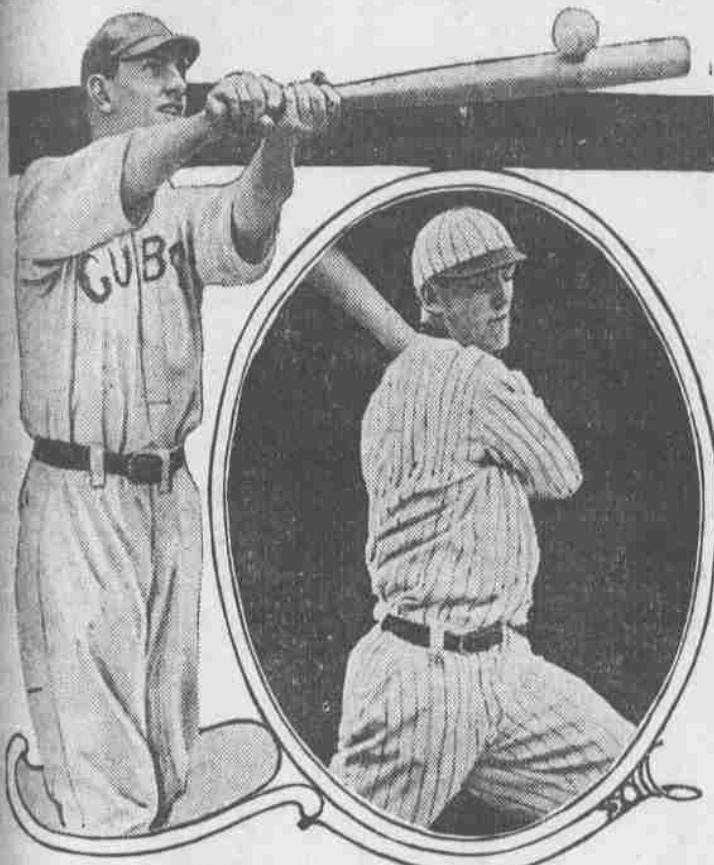
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PLAYERS HAVE AIDED IN TEAMS' SUCCESS



Vic Saier and Buck Weaver.

The Chicago teams in both National and American leagues have been either on the top or very close to the top of the pennant races all season, and no two players have contributed more to the success of the rival organizations than Vic Saier and Buck Weaver. Saier is the hard-hitting, smooth-working first baseman of the Chicago Cubs. He is rated as one of the most dangerous men in a pinch in the older league. He is hitting well over the 300 mark and, in addition, leads the league in long-distance drives. Weaver is the shortstop of the White Sox, one of the most sensational fielders in his position in the American league. He is also a good hitter, and a base runner better than the average.

LEARN JOHNSON IS BEATABLE FOOTBALL SEASON NOW HERE

Previous to This Season It Was Custom of Opposing Managers to Send Weak Pitchers Against Him.

This looks as if it might be about the hardest year that Walter Johnson has had. There are seven clubs in the American league that are after him this year. When Johnson was at the peak of his game he had the American league rolling over and playing dead for him. It was the understanding that when Johnson pitched he was sure to win, so the managers got into the habit of sending in weak pitchers to oppose him. In those days the Washington club got runs for Johnson.

It's another story now. The other seven clubs have learned that Johnson is beatable; that if one keeps his eyes open and his muscles taut he is likely to be able to whang the ball



Walter Johnson.

back as fast as it comes up. To beat Johnson gives a club prestige. So the attitude of the seven managers has changed. They used to say when Johnson started pitching, "Well, here's a game gone." Now they send their strongest pitchers and fight harder against Johnson than against any other pitcher.

The Washington club finds it harder to make runs for Johnson than any other club. The Kansas City team is learning that the life of the conspicuous is not always a happy one.

Appearance of Annual Guide Sound Doom of Summer—Rough Play is Eliminated From Game.

Summer's doom is sounded, as it always has been for more years than Walter Camp cares to remember, by the appearance of the annual football guide from the pen of Yale's justly famous football alumnus. The book is full of new information, not the least of which is the codification of the rules for 1915 and the schedules of practically every school and college eleven in the country.

As has been the case since 1905, when the first great reform wave struck football, the essence of most of the changes in the rules this season has to do with the elimination of rough play. Furthermore, the committee has taken a half step in the direction of numbering all players on the field by recommending that numbers be worn. The success which numbering players in college basketball games and in the few games in which numbers were used by football teams last fall has achieved, brought the rules committee around to the new way of thinking.

The presence of a field judge on the gridiron has been made obligatory. This means that henceforth there will be three officials on the field of play and the head linesman on the sidelines. It is from the linesman that most of the duties of the field judge have been taken, the object being to leave the former free to observe the particular province of the game which he is detailed to watch, particularly offside play.

Already some of the college squads have begun work, and more than one small boy has ushered in the season on the vacant lots with bangs and bruises.

SPORT NOW DEAD IN CANADA

Hundreds of Leading Athletes of Dominion Have Shouldered Guns and Are Fighting in Europe.

Sport throughout the Dominion of Canada is as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The reason for it all is the war, and until the great European conflict has passed into history Canadians will be without sport on a major scale. Efforts to hold local tournaments and national track and field championships have been fairly successful, but on the whole interest has been lacking.

Numbered among the thousands of Canadians who have shouldered the gun and are now fighting for the empire are hundreds of the leading athletes of the Dominion. Many have fallen in battle and lie "somewhere in France," with a small headstone to mark their last resting place.

Will Bear Watching.

Ducky Henderson, pitcher of the Charleston (W. Va.) team, pitched two games the other day and shut the other fellows out without a hit in the first game and allowed only five hits in the second game.

HAS PREHENSILE FEET

"Back to Nature" Shoes Made Star Pitcher of Benton.

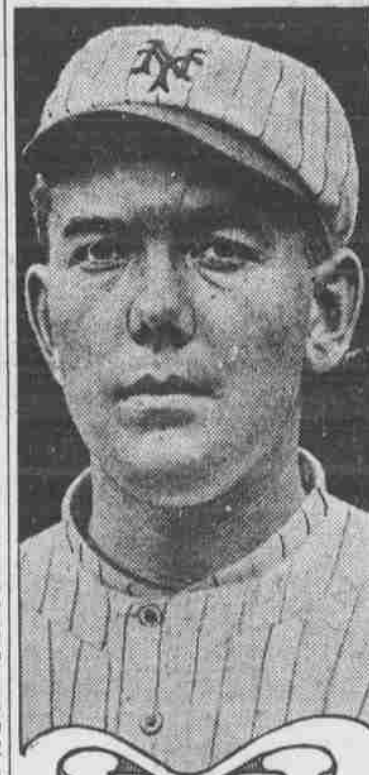
Success of New York Giants' New Hurler Due to Discovery of Sane and Sensible Style of Foot-Gear While Working

There was some question as to the status of Rube Benton, former Cincinnati pitcher, until it was finally decided that he was entitled to wear the uniform of a New York Giant.

The pitching of Mr. Benton continues to be wonderful beyond all belief, gorgeous without a chance of rivalry. Game after game, without enough hits off him to shake an ounce of dust out of a carpet! According to one of Mr. Benton's friends, the pitcher's success is due to his discovering a sane and sensible style of foot-gear.

Down in North Calliny they say that Rube has prehensile feet, and when he was the terror of that region he worked in soft moccasins, enabling him to grip the slab with his hoofs, and thus get extra leverage on every ball.

Ordinary shoes hampered him; he slid off the hill whenever he tried to shut his toes, and so he wasn't showing his real versatility. This year, Mr. Benton's shoes are only leather on top—below, they are excavated, so that his little tootsies can peek out,



Rube Benton.

wander around, and cooly dive out and in as the occasion may require.

When pitching, he takes a firm toe hold upon the slab, and thus adds power to the force of each delivery, as well as giving great assistance to his control. You have to hand it to Mr. Benton—his native ingenuity could not be restrained, even by modern shoe leather.

Regular Job for Sister.

The report that the Boston Red Sox had offered Dick Hoblitzel and a bunch of cash for George Sisler of the Browns brought out a statement from Manager Branch Rickey as to his intentions regarding Sisler. The college phenom will be played regularly on first base, says Rickey, as soon as he can land another outfielder and a pitcher on whom dependence can be put. There has been some criticism of Rickey because he has shifted Sisler around, but the manager of the Browns realizes as well as any one else the advisability of leaving Sisler in one position and will put him there just as soon as he can do so.

Demaree Helps His Friends.

Fitchburg, Mass., is the home of Pat Moran, leader of the Phillies. When the Phillies recently played in Boston nearly the whole town journeyed there for the purpose of "whooping 'er up" for Pat and his squad.

Just before the game Pat saw Pitcher Al Demaree at a writing desk in the hotel, writing on a telegraph blank.

"Whatcha doin'?" queried Patrick. "Oh, I'm just writing to a burglar friend of mine in New York," answered Al. "I'm telling him Fitchburg is deserted and if he hustles up he can burglarize the whole town before the folks return."

Pop Bottle Attacks Ended.

To prevent the recurrence of pop-bottle attacks on umpires at the St. Louis National League ball park, President Schuyler P. Britton of the local Nationals announced recently that henceforth no soda water will be sold in the bleachers. The new order resulted from the action of fans in throwing bottles and vegetables at Umpire Byron in a game with Chicago.

NOW SEE WAR ONLY AS GREAT SHOW AFFAIR

Parisians Take Interest in Struggle Only as a Magnificent Spectacle.

PEN PICTURE OF FRENCH LIFE

People Make Pilgrimages to Points of Vantage Behind the Lines Where Gay Week-End Parties Are Held—Chatter Shows Trend of Thought.

By GEORGE DUFRESNE.

(International News Service.)

Paris.—Parisians have become so used to the war that they are now taking great interest in it as a magnificent spectacle. Daily crowds of French people and tourists from England and America make pilgrimages to points of vantage behind the lines, and gay week-end parties are held.

The following letter comes from a hotel near Boulogne-sur-Mer: "If you would focus the war, or that large part of it which is collected at the base, come to the hotel.

"In all wars, of course—from Scutari to Capetown—there is just one hotel which is, so to say, a universal tryat, a sort of Charing Cross, where everyone meets eventually and in the end. It is a vanity fair, perhaps also a slough of despond and delectable mountain, where pilgrims of all types and two sexes jostle and nudge, where in a flood of khaki and brassards and woman's uniforms some few civilians go astray, where the incoming and outgoing hero relaxes for a moment his heroism, where comedy prods tragedy in the ribs, where sentiment turns up holy eyes at quiet courage, and where all the medley of actors, interrupted in their parts by the hoots of streamers, the burr of hydroplanes and the tramp of route marches are apt to miss their cues in the fog of general rumour and incoherent chatter.

"Could anyone tell what sort of piece, in what country, he was asked to watch? Was he assisting at his majesty's, the comedia francese, the empire, or—merely Armageddon?

"Listen for a moment at random to some chattering groups.

"Who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"All the meetings begin like that: the one-armed colonel who hadn't met his friend since Dongola in '84, or the infant cavalry subaltern who ran into his Eton friend's second sister now tracing missing men at a base office, or the old, old, ex-major of something ending in Chester who exchanged questions with a famous statesman on the convalescence of their respective sons.

And Thus They Chatter.

"The greeting was followed in a particular instance by a flood of questions and answers. Who have you come to see? Is it the brother or the husband who is wounded? What! Not both! Impossible! Hurt the same way! The two of them on different floors of No. 7 hospital? Both shrapnel, and in the shoulder? Dear me. Dear me. But if you are going to be wounded, give me the shoulder. All should—do well. And what heroes they will be! Why am I here? Ch. I'm running a feed-the-brute stall. You know. Coffee and cigarettes and bread and butter at peace-and-plenty prices. Started with \$25 capital in a waiting room. Now built bath houses and stalls regardless and feed 'em by the hundred. Oh, soldiers, all soldiers—of sorts. The difference is that all

RO IS BRAND-NEW TONGUE

Ohio Clergyman Invents Language and Believes It Will Become Universal.

Youngstown, O.—A brand new language by the name of Ro, which advocates declare is sure to become universal, is being demonstrated in this city by Rev. E. P. Foster of Marietta, its author.

He says it may be acquired with even less pains than Esperanto and that it has many advantages over that tongue.

The new language is said to be so scientifically wrought that there is no possible ambiguity about any words, especially pronouns.

Killed Horned Rabbit.

Roscoe, Tex.—Another horned rabbit was killed near here a few days ago by W. A. Ater of Roscoe. It was the second cottontail with horns to be found in Texas, and leads to the conclusion on the part of local scientists that there is a distinct breed of this species.

DEAD AT THEIR POSTS IN A TRENCH



French sanitary officers inspecting a captured German trench in which is an unbroken line of dead soldiers who were killed as they fought.

the fighters say, "Thank you, miss," and the base fellows are apt to grouse. The army had thoughts of killing us off. We started a year ago in September. They thought about it till April and are now going the pace. However, they won't kill me in a hurry. Might as well try to kill the Y. M. C. A., who do a roaring trade in the same business. We save a tragedy a day from bad temper and starvation and a score from drunkenness. But if any of your friends want to send us something, plump for boxing gloves and punch balls. Now wait half a moment while I watch my chauffeur—she cuts the bread and butter, you know—and we'll have lunch.

Idiom of Initials.

"The room was full of people with amazing brassards on their arms, red, white, tricolor, and even green, and someone was retelling the standard story of the newcomer who asked an habitue at the base how to go somewhere or other. The answer began glibly in the prevalent idiom of initials:

"Oh, I should go to a T. C. O., who will introduce you to the D. A. D. R. T., who will refer the matter to G. H. Q., and then—" But this was too much for the questioner.

"Excuse me," he said, "I'm off to have a B. and S."

"If he had gone on this mission at the moment he would have found two airmen, with their feet on the brass rail of the American bar, drinking an orange squash and discussing earnestly whether it was worse to be shelled in the air or the trenches. They decided in favor of the air.

"I'm fairly terrified at shells on the ground," said one. "But in the air they don't seem to matter."

"From this they diverged to the obtuseness of certain aerial observers who had to see a battery from all angles and make figures of eight above it before they could decide whether it was not a mowing machine or a manure heap. However, in spite of the observers they were doomed to carry and the shrapnel that was always puncturing their wings but missing their tank and the ground fog and the new German air colossus, they were quite decided that the air was the place of places and their job the picked job. And it is a fact that of all the men of all types who pass through this vanity fair the airmen are the most distinct in type. The air has lent them its peculiar qualities of light and breadth, as the sailor has

borrowed the salt of his character from the expanses of the unharvested sea.

Wanted His Appetite.

"With their noses on the same brass rail lay two great dogs, a lurcher with every air of aristocracy in his form and manner, despite his mixed ancestry, and a red Irish retriever. One of the masters had come out from his county town to hunt down missing kits. The other had left the stock exchange to blossom into a train-conducting officer and wear a red brassard.

"Just got an invitation to shoot grouse on the '8th," said one, and a neighbor countered with a quotation from his wife's letter, which he took from his pocket and read. "If you don't come home soon the patch of lithospermum will be over, and as our only gardener went off today to make fuses it's likely to be the last you will see. Besides, your appetite is wanted. Even the village can't eat all the vegetables we plant."

"He began to read the next sentence, but stopped with a jerk, almost with a blush, and put the letter carefully in his pocketbook.

"Then came stories of the dogs' rival intelligences, and these were lost in a sea of chatter, of little-tattle mixed with the grimmest anecdotes of war in this way.

"Oh, she's out for the limelight—and other things. Thinks she looks nice in a nurse's kit."

"How anyone ever took the idea of giving that man the job, heaven knows. You know what he does in town?—and the voices sink. . . . 'Awful fun it was! Bits of Deutsches flying up the air—and they squeaked like rabbits when we cheered.'"

Like Boy on Holiday.

"The old soldier who spoke had the soft complexion of a boy and the hilarity of a schoolboy off—as indeed he was—for a holiday.

"Things are bad. Take it from me. What! You don't believe it? Well, will you bet me a pony to a fiver that the Deutsches are not in Calais before the end of October? Done with you. That's a bet."

"Then it was dissipating time, and the great ladies motored off to their new hospitals, and some went to work, and some went to bathe, and some to the boat, and some to the front; and all promised to do all sorts of things at that vague wonderful and evanescent date known as apres la guerre."

\$225 PEARL IN A MUSSEL

Indiana Digger Opens Big One for Good Luck, and Makes Rich Discovery.

Rockport, Ind.—"I am going to crack that big, rusty-looking shell open for good luck," said John Stuteville, a mussel digger, as he was preparing to turn over his boatload of mussels to the buyer. Stuteville opened the large mussel shell and found a 41-grain pear-shaped pearl that he disposed of to a pearl dealer here for \$225.

STRAY CAT RIDES IN TAXI

Rescued While Trying to Save a Few of its Nine Lives From Swirling Autos.

New York.—He is neither a kitten nor yet a full-grown coloratura, lyric, robusto, backyard fencible performer, but as a gray cat which arrived in a taxi cab, he is now in a position of prominence at the West Sixty-eighth street police station.

Live Portland Gossip.

Portland, Ore.—A big wildcat was shot dead from a fir tree directly in front of the mayor's house. All the neighbors gathered when the cat was treed, and there was such a fusillade that strangers from the East thought the town was being shot up. The animal weighed 50 pounds and measured five feet three inches from tip to tip.

Optimistic Thought.

Virtue not pedigree characterizes nobility.